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NBC

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WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS #15

OK

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(12:30 - 1:00 PM) TIME (MAY 17, 1946) DATE (FRIDAY) DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

C-PRO 95

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers

<u>ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: "RANGER SONG"</u>

ANNOUNCER: The work of a forest ranger in the protection of his district from fire takes two directions -- first he must be prepared to meet any emergency to suppress fires when they start; and second, he must constantly preach fire prevention to those who might in some way be responsible for a fire in the forest and to those who might influence others to be careful. For preparedness he must have his fire fighting tools and equipment in prime condition and ready for use. Shovels, axes, cross-cut saws, mattocks, hoes or other special tools must be sharp, clean and oiled, -- handles straight and snug, water-bags, buckets and canteens water tight, hand pumps and power pumps must be in working order, hose and hose connections tight, tool grinders, lanterns, emergency rations, portable radio or telephone outfits and time books ready. Fire trucks must be in good repair and greased, oiled, gassed, watered and loaded in anticipation of the call he fervently hopes will never come but which does come all too often. Keeping and conditioning the fire equipment is a full-time job for every ranger and in the meantime he loses no opportunity to spread the lessons of fire prevention.

At the Pine Cone Ranger Station today we find Rangers Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick working on the fire tools. Here they are --

JERRY: The fire truck is in fine shape now, Jim - I've worked it over from radiator to tail-light.

JIM: Good work, Jerry - Have you loaded the hose?

JERRY: No, but I've inspected it all. And got it all rolled up and the tools are all sharp and greased.

JIM: Everything workable - axes sharp?

JERRY: Yeah, all ground, and I've checked all the handles. They're straight and tight - See?

JIM: Good. An axe with a loose handle is worse than no axe at all. Yeah, those are all right - Jump in. I'll hand 'em up to you. (RATTLE OF TOOLS)

JERRY: Give me those mattocks and pulaski tools, first.

JIM: Yeah. Let's see - they seem to be okay - Here (THROWS TOOLS) Two of each - that's right. Now the shovels. (COUNTS) One, two, three, (PAUSE) fifteen. You're one short, Jerry.

JERRY: It's that new one over there. I just painted the red identification stripe on the handle. Better leave it out till the paint dries.

JIM: Nope - we'll put it in carefully, last thing - and - So we don't forget it. Gotta have standard numbers, you know. - Here you go. (RATTLE OF TOOLS)

JERRY: Now give me those two saws.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Hey you got some fancy clothes for 'em - where'd you get the sheaths?

JERRY: Made 'em out of some of that old fire hose. - Pretty nifty, ain't they?

JIM: Yeah, they'll protect the hands a lot. Guess we'll have to get the regional office to make 'em standard. (CHUCKLES) Here they come (THUMP)

JERRY: (LAUGHS) I'spect, being that standards are what they are. - now give me those extra handles. - Watch out, there's fresh paint -

JIM: Oh, heck. - Well, it mighta been worse -

JERRY: I'll say. - You mighta got it on those new handles, instead of your gloves.

JIM: That'd been a calamity. Bess told me this morning to be careful with my new -

BESS: (COMING UP) Here they are, Mary. - Why, Jim Robbins, you're all covered with paint.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Nope, Bess, not <u>all</u> covered. Hello Mary!

MARY: Good morning, Mr. Robbins. - Hello, Jerry.

JERRY: Hello, Mary.

BESS: You'd better get some clean gloves, Jim, and put on some old clothes.

JIM: Maybe that's a good idea, Bess. - Mary you can stay here and boss the job while I go put on some overalls or <u>something</u>. Where <u>are</u> those old overalls, Bess?

BESS: I'll get them. - But Mary wanted to talk to you, Jim.

JIM: (GOING OFF) Come on. - I can talk to Mary when I get back.

BESS: (GOING OFF) All right, Jim.

JERRY: Gee, Jim's awful anxious to get those tools changed, all at once.

MARY: (LAUGHS) I guess he thought [illegible] to be by ourselves a few minutes.

JERRY: Think so? Gosh Mary, you sure look swell this morning. Kinda dressed up a little extra, aren't you?

MARY: This is the last day of school you know - and say Jerry, what do you think? I've got a job.

JERRY: A job - what kind of a job?

MARY: Mrs. Gay has offered me a position this summer as hostess at the Box O Ranch. She says the business details take up so much of her time that she must have some one to entertain the guests and see that they have a good time. Don't you think its splendid Jerry! I think it will be the most fun.

JERRY: Yeah. Especially entertaining young dudes like Paul Bowman -

MARY: Jerry! Don't be like that - besides Paul Bowman isn't at the Box O any more. He's working up at the tunnel.

JERRY: Well he'll be down at the Ranch plenty often - and all the rest of these young dudes strutting around and making love to you.

MARY: Why Jerry, stop - (LAUGHS) Well, maybe a girl likes to have someone make love to her once in a while.

JERRY: Oh! Is that so? Well, I'll show you what it's like. (SMACK) THERE now, how didyou like that, Miss?

MARY: OH Jerry! (LAUGHS BREATHLESSLY) That was - nice - such [illegible] there was of it.

JERRY: Not satisfied, huh? Well I'll -

MARY: (LAUGHING) Don't Jerry. Here comes Mr. Robbins.

JIM: (COMING UP) Got the rest of that equipment loaded yet, Jerry?

JERRY: Well, I - I - not quite, Jim.

JIM: I'll help you in a minute. - Been told you want to see me, Mary?

MARY: Oh, yes, Mr. Robbins, this is the last day of school and you know we always have exercises and a program of some sort and I want you to come, will you?

JIM: Why sure, we're all comin' - we wouldn't let our pretty school teacher give her last program without showing our appreciation, would we, Jerry?

JERRY: No, of course not.

MARY: Well, it being my last program, I thought you might like to help a little on the presentation, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Maybe Jerry'd like to.

JERRY: Gosh, Jim, it's hard enough for me to make a talk any time and - today - well --

MARY: I think you ought to do it, Mr. Robbins, most of the children's parents will be there, and because they all live right here in the National Forest then - you --

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I might scare 'em with a story like the one I told you the other night.

MARY: Yes, that's what I'm trying to say. That was what got me to thinking of this - what do you call it?

JIM: "It Might Have Been You."

MARY: Yes, that's it. There's a wonderful lesson in that story for children, and grown-ups as well.

JIM: All right, Mary. I reckon I can do it.

MARY: Thanks, Mr. Robbins. - Now I've got to see Mrs. Robbins a minute before I go to school. (GOING OFF) Bye, Jerry. (PAUSE) (COMING UP) Oh, Mrs. Robbins, - Mr. Robbins said he'd make a talk.

BESS: That's nice, dear. - Is that why your eyes are shining so?

MARY: No - I guess it's because - Jerry - he - he -

BESS: What did Jerry do?

MARY: He -- he kissed me.

BESS: He did -- Well?

MARY: Why he grabbed me real roughly and hugged me and kissed me so hard it hurt --

BESS: Getting rough, is he? I ought to turn him across my checkered apron and use my slipper where it'll do the most good - if he's going to act like that.

MARY: Oh no, don't, Mrs. Robbins. - I - I - liked it.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH HUM OF VOICES)

MARY: And now, as the closing number on our program, Mr. Robbins, our forest ranger, has kindly consented to tell us a story about a forest fire. - But first, we have prepared a little pageant. It will introduce the theme of his talk. It tries to show, in a way, the effect of our carelessness with fire. - I haven't told you about it, Mr. Robbins, because I wanted it for a surprise. - I hope you like it.

JIM: Thank you, Miss Holloway. I'm sure I'll enjoy it.

MARY: We have tried to characterize a few of the things in a forest fire. The children are dressed, as nearly as we could make them, to represent the parts they take. As they appear, I shall introduce each one with a little verse we have prepared. -- All ready, children?

(PAUSE) (APPLAUSE)

MARY:
I am the National Forest
All covered with beautiful trees;
I have bubbling brooks and cool shady nooks
For you to enjoy when you please.

(PAUSE)

I am the mountain streamlet,
That flows through your forests of pine;
I hold gleaming fish, and each day I wish
That they may forever be mine!

(PAUSE)

I am the [illegible] in the woodland,
Far back from the dwellings of men,
I hide gentle game, and I hope that the same
May always live here in the glen.

(PAUSE)

I am a man; I am - big man.
Delighted with my rod and my gun;
I have some leisure for my own pleasure -
So I come to the forests for fun.

(PAUSE)

I am the small cigarette,
That man smokes when he comes out to play;
I bring him comfort when he's on pleasure bent
But take care when you throw me away!

(PAUSE)

I am the glamorous camp-fire,
  Man builds to cook food and keep warm;
I'm quite safe and sane, but it's very plain,
  That, [illegible], I can do lots of harm.

(PAUSE)

I am the fire in the forest,
  Man carelessly set in his play;
I leave grim and stark each woodland and park,
  Where lived all your treasures, today.

(PAUSE)

And I am the bleak desolation,
  That follows the thoughtless fool-man,
Who burns without measure all things which
  for pleasure,
Old Nature gave him in her plan.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: Now, we will conclude our program with Mr. Robbins' story. All of us know the good work he is doing to protect our forest, and make this community a safe and pleasant place in which to live. Children and friends, Ranger [illegible] Robbins.

(APPLAUSE)

JIM: Well, folks, it looks like Miss Holloway is kinda pushing me out in the lime-light to cover up her achievement in this community. (CLAPPING) She's been with us several years now, teaching our children, sharing our homes, and entering into all the things that go to make life happy in this small part of the great world we live in. Her pleasing personality has won a place in all our hearts, and wherever she goes, whatever her future may be, I know she will always be remembered by the people of this community as the sweet little lady she is. (APPLAUSE) Miss Holloway, your verses were a pleasant surprise indeed, and I want to compliment you and your school children, and thank you for bringing before our friends in this novel way, man's carelessness with fire in the woods. Folks, the story which I am going to tell you could happen right here in our own community if one of you carelessly tossed away a burning match, or a cigarette, or left your camp-fire unextinguished. It is the story of a disastrous forest fire that happened a few years ago. It caused a great deal of suffering and loss and it is the more distressing when we know that it was started by some person's carelessness.

It is the story of a fire that burned 40,000 forest acres, destroyed 34 farms and ranches, made 100 people homeless and killed much livestock and wild game. It was 11 o'clock one hot, dry August morning when the fire demon started his rampage. Within four hours the fire had swept over 12 miles, with a front five miles wide. In the pathway of this demon lay the little ranch of Blondy [illegible]. His mother, his wife and their [illegible] old baby were all alone, for Blondy was working in a neighboring community.

He joined the scout crews sent out by the forest supervisor to clear the roads for the fire trucks to get through. Overhead roared the air patrol. Shooting through billows of smoke, it scouted the fire and mapped its course. Circling and reconnoitering the flame swept area, it darted dangerously close to the ground searching for refugees and in the course of its flight pointing out the way through the raging fires.

With the leaping flames [illegible] behind him, toward the seemingly doomed people was Bloody. Crazed with fear for the safety of his own little family, he frantically attacked fallen trees which barred his progress. Suddenly he heard a shout, and then - [illegible], circling around blazing stumps, sputtering and [illegible] - an old car appeared. For a moment Bloody stood rooted to the spot, then sprang forward with wondering joy on his face.

"We never would have been saved," sobbed his wife, "without this 10 year old neighbor boy. He cranked the engine and told me where to go, and with his bare hands, kept putting out sparks on the blanket that sheltered baby and me. Marvin Jackson," she added, "is a real hero."

So were Marvin's mother and his 10- year-old sister, [illegible], for it was they who gave up their car, only means of transportation, in order that Mrs. Purdue and her day-old baby might be saved while they fled to the river, leaving their home a blazing ruin. For several days the refugees straggled into town with tales of awful winds that hurled flaming trees about like matches. Of families that were saved only by [illegible] themselves in the [illegible] with wet [illegible] over their faces. It took a week with 1500 men to stop this fire, and it was a month before the 90 miles of fire line could safely be left. In the words of Douglas Malloch, the lumberjack poet, "And, when the fury of the fiend was spent

Burned out the fullness of its terrible wrath,

It left behind a desolated path -

To human carelessness a monument."

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: And now, until this time next Friday, we'll say so long to the Forest Rangers.

The story Ranger Jim has just told has been published by the Forest Service in a little leaflet entitled "It Might Have Been You." It is the true story of a forest fire in northern Idaho in the summer of 1931. The pamphlet tells a little more about this fire than Jim told us, and it has several pictures taken on the scene. If you'd like to read this story, just write to the United States Forest Service, Washington, D.C., or to Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers in care of the station to which you are listening, and ask for a copy of "It Might Have Been You." The Forest Service will be glad to send you a [illegible]

Lg/8:45 PM
5/15/35